



## A NEW SONG CALLED THE REAL M'COY

---

You lads & 'asses draw near I'm going to sing you a song  
And if you attention pay I'll not detain you long  
To my grief I married a wife my patience for to try  
And the first of my bad luck was marryin' Kitty Tray

CHORUS..... Tid y falla

I was but one week married when my wife put me in afright  
For when I came home from work she was lying stupid drunk  
Said I you'r a noted ringer said she would you ask my eye  
Said I you'r a drinking jade said she I'm the real M'Coy

My wife can drink like a fish in the sea she can lush curs and  
She kick me like a dog in the corner for the breaches she hoos  
wear  
She skelped me from Bill to Bob I'm as tame as a gig nasty  
I dare not speak a word for fear of the real M'Coy

One day as my wife and I went out on a rambling rout  
And my Sunday cloaths she shov'd them up the spout  
I'm chastized by her each day for the police she loudy cries  
They march me off to jail for she was the real M'Coy

When I got out of prison half starve'd I starve'd home  
I scarcely listend the latch of the door when she wollop'd me out  
with the broom  
She boldly seized me by the whiskers & with her fist she bla  
ckened my eyes  
And my boy said she I'll let you see that I'm the real M'Coy

It was in a short time after that my wife took very ill.  
And when she was nearly dead I sent for medical skill  
Every day she grew worse & very soon she died  
When buried I loudly cried her name the real M'Coy

So I'm single & free from discontent and so I mean to tarry  
If the were going for a penny a dozen I'm blowed if I ever wo  
uld marry  
So all young cads in towns I'd have you mind you're eye  
For there's many a girl you'd find as bad as the real M'Coy